A

SPEECH

Made by

Sir *Audley Mervyn* his Majeſties Prime Serjeant at Law in *Ireland*, the 11th. day of *May* in the Houſe of Lords, when he was preſented Speaker by the Commons, before the Right Honourable Sir *Maurice Euſtace* Knight, Lord Chancellour of *Ireland*, *Roger* Earl of *Orrery*, and *Charles* Earl of *Mountrath*, his Majeſties Lord Juſtices of his Kingdome of *Ireland*.

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11 *May* 1661.

ORdered, upon the Queſtion *nemine contradicente*, that Mr. Speaker be deſired to cauſe his Speech this day delivered in the Houſe of Lords to be forthwith Printed and Publiſhed

Phillip Fernely,
Cler. Dom. Com.

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Sir *Audely Mervyns* Speech.

Moſt Great and Honourable Lords,

THe Knights, Citizens, and Burgeſſes, in Obedience to Your Lordſhips Commands, according to their ancient Cuſtom and Priviledge, proceeded to the Election of their Speaker: and paſſing by many perſons of ſignal Abilities, and long experience, (for truly that Houſe is furniſhed with excellent choice) have fixed their eye of favour and affection upon me the meaneſt Member of that great Aſſembly; It were *ominus* they ſhould thus *limine impingere*, but they know ſuch is the prudence and circumſpection of that Houſe in the Management of thoſe Affairs, that they can ſuffer no prejudice by the diſabilities of any one perſon ſerving and obſerving their Commands: thus have I ſeen a tender Parent placing one of her little ones before him in the Saddle, and ſeemingly intruſting the Raines in his hands, when ſecretly the Command reſted in his own, (an act evidencing Affection with impeachment of his Care) I then offered my ayd-Prayer, that no further proceedings ſhould be herein *Rege in conſulto*, and then bluſhingly led them into ſuch receſſes where my ambuſh't infirmities had ſo long ſe-

cured themſelves, (though without drawing of the Curtains the Scene of my Errours was too too viſible. Were it but to deſigne a Pilot to a Fly Boat betwixt *Dover* and *Callis*, the Conſultation were not of much Importance, but when a Ship of the ſecond rate is to be Riged forth, for a long Voyage (for all that we know) through Flats, contary Tides, and we are not ſure of a Trade wind; it is your care (*GREAT LORDS,*) though the Marriners hazard their own lives, and Cargazoon with the Pilot of their own choice *Communi ſaluti Proſpicere*: I hope to hear the voice of your Lordſhips to them ſaying,

O Nimis referunt in Mare te novi fluctus
ô quid agis! fortiter occupa portum

Wherefore moſt Honourable Lords, with Confidence equall to my Humility, I beg that your Lordſhips would be pleaſed to give me a *ſuperſedeas* and diſcharge from a burthen ſo diſproportionable to my ſtrength; Give me leave to put off *Saul's* Armour before You, and be pleaſed to lay your profitable Commands upon the Commons to improve their ſecond inquiry amongſt themſelves, (there is many a *Saul* taller by the head and ſhoulders then my ſelf hidden amongſt the ſtuffe,) and to preſent a perſon, upon whoſe very appearance in this place, your Lordſhips may warrantably conclude this is the Man whom the Houſe of Commons intends to honour.

Here the Lord Primate of Ireland *Speaker of the Houſe of Lords declared in ſhort pithy and eloquent Speech the Lords Juſtices approbation of the Speaker: who then proceeded.*

Moſt Great and Honourable Lords: I find my ayd Prayer over ruled, and a *Prodecendo* iſſued: I crave leave to chide my ſelf, I onely conſidered *Terminas ad quem* when I appealed to

Cæſar

Cæsar, and reflected not upon *Terminus à quo* the House of Commons: may this hour of this day guide all the dayes of our continuance, that the Commons may never present that Prayer unto *Cæsar*, to which *Cæsar* may not chearfully say, *Amen*; Now my Devotion instructs me with a mannerly Thesis, Obedience is better then Sacrifice: The Voice of your Lordships Confirmation hath silenc't the whispers of my Fears: The stamps of Kings pass vulgar Mettals beyond their intrinsick value; I humbly submit, and dutifully welcome this pleacing force;

Fax grata est, gratum vulnus, mihi grata catena
Me quibus astringit lædit, & urit amor;
Sed flammam extingui sanari vulnera, solui
Vincula, non possum, si modo posse velim:

And therefore in the first place, (*A Jove Principium*) I bow my knees, and raise my Heart to Heaven, that he that looseth the stammering tongue, and was a mouth unto *Moses*, will fill my heart with wisdom, and my mouth with wise sayings; And thou O Lord, who standest in the Congregation of the mighty and judgest amongst the Gods, who hast signed the Original Command of this Trust upon me, *Da Domine quod jubes, & jube quod vis.*

Here I might wind up all with those usuall and necessary requests in the behalf of those that sent me, but give me leave to recollect my self. Can I be in this Mount of transfiguration and not say, let us build 3 Tabernacles, and put on this inscription, *Bonum est esse hic*; Your Lordships being 3. Persons of Honour, yet making up the representation of one, and that the best of Monarchs, may warrant me to apply *Ternarius Numerus est sacer:* Let no man be offended that I call it a Mount of Transfiguration: Have we not these many years been walking through the Wilderness without a *Moses*, without a

out an *Aaron*? Hath not our Fleſh been torn with Bryars, and our Loyns whipt with Scorpions; hath not the tale of our Brick been doubled, and proviſion of Straw exacted at our own hands? Hath not our Fountains, Fountains of living water been dammed up, or poyſoned, and not a Prophet left to heal the waters, and We in the *interim* forc't to draw out of Ciſterns and muddy pits? Hath not the Parliaments of this Kingdom been carryed into Capacity, and our Senators that ſhould be, become Perepateticks and Pilgrims to titulary Convenſions: when we asked for Fiſh, have not they Voted Scorpions? and when we have Petitioned for Bread have they not given us ſtones: and is not this place then a Mount of transfiguration? Hath not Our dread Soveraign Lord the King, (of whom the world is not worthy) been baniſht into Forraign Countries, ſo that he might take up that expreſſion, *the Foxes have holes, and the Birds of the air have neſts*, but the Son and undoubted Heir of three glorious Kingdoms, nay the native & lineal King of them had not a place to reſt his head in: but praiſed be that God that at the ſame time he made a hard ſtone to be his pilow, ſweetned his repoſe with heavenly v ſions. and is not this place now a mount of tranſiguration? Where were thoſe *Regalia* we now behold: that robe of Majeſty before Your Lordſhips, was the Garment for which they caſt lotts: that Sword, of which it may be ſaid, *Non eſt alter talis*, whoſe egge was ſharpned, and whoſe point ſteeld by a Heavenly ſanction, was transformed into a bloody ax, to behead 3 Kingdoms at one ſtroak; That ſingle Cap of Maintenance could never ſit that *Bellua multorum Capitum*: Thy Lyons O *England* roared not out of Courage but for Hunger: Thy Lyon O *Scotland* was not rampant: The Flower deluces withred; And thy Harp O *Ireland*, thy diſcompoſed Harp was hung upon the Willowes; But now you hear the Silver

ſtrings

of it toucht by another *David* ſounding Heavenly Anthems: *Glory to be God on high*: *Peace unto Men*; Glory be to God on high, the Church ſettled, Peace unto Men, Your Eſtates and Liberties ſecured: and is not this that your eyes now behold a Mount of Transfiguration?

Draw near You Houſe of Commons, behold a King! Poets faind *Cœlum* and *Terra* to be the parents of Soveraignty? ſhadowing out to us its Divine Inſtitution, and Humane approbation: the Nativity of *Charles* the Second Intitles it ſelf to that truth.

Jam nova progenies Cœlo demittitur alto.

There is Divine Inſtitution.

It is reported that in that Latitude where the ſon makes a diſcontinuance to his Plea of Governing the World for ſix Months ſucceſſively, that the Inhabitants at the time of his return clime to the tops of the Mountaines, and raviſht with his prævious refractions, cry aloud he is coming, he is coming: But how did his Majeſties Subjects upon the guilding of our Horiſon by his happy reſtitution make mountains of men and built up many Stories high upon one anothers Shoulders, How did the Lame take up their beds and Walk, Glorifying God, He is come, he is come; there is Humane approbation: Nay, but behold your King πολλῶν ἀνταξιον ἀλλων: Behold your King, that ſolar Plannet culminating in the houſe of his Exaltation, ſitting there Perſonally or Repreſentatively in his Parliament. Do you not yet ſee him, why then feel him: what ſay your Lives? Do they not feel the influence of his Mercy; Hath not every Cheſt a Pardon as well as a Patent in keeping? What ſay your Eſtates, do not they feel him: hath not every Cheſt a Patent as well as a pardon in keeping, nay, have not the greateſt part of your eſtates in this Kingdom felt his power of Creation, raiſing up eſtates out of nothing? What

ſay

ſay your Liberties, do not they feel him, the Priſons, thoſe living graves have yielded up their dead, an Iron fetters and ſhacles about their leggs, are metamorphoſed into Golden Chains, and Collers of SS about the neck: But what if his Majeſties Neceſſities be great, You feel them not, none ſhall then ſhare in that ſenſe with himſelf. True it is, that the General Convention in this Kingdom humbly preſented his Majeſty with 20000. Pound, (but a cluſter of thoſe Grapes whereof the Vintage is yet behind,) and hath he not lately returned us 50000. Pounds to pay that Army which ſecureth Us: If the Servant that improved his Maſters Talent had the *Eulogium* of *Euge bone ſerve*, when the Maſter improves thus the Servants Tallent, ſhall not We ſay *Euge bone Domine, Rex Carole ſecunde*: If there be any yet weaker then *Didymus*, that neither ſeeing nor feeling will raiſe him up; wil you hear your King: The voice of a King is like the roaring of a Lyon, and yet this voice we never heard, though when he hath been amongſt the Beaſts of the Forreſts, he is to be heard in a ſtill voice; If any hot-ſpirited Diſciples move for fire to come down upon Samaritains (for we have had Samaritains) how gently doth he reprove them: *You know not what temper you are of, For I came not to deſtroy but to ſave*: Will you hear him ſpeaking in his Gracious Declaration for Settling of *Ireland*, (that Syſteme of what are tranſcendent in him, his Mercy and Juſtice,) his own hand ſet that Declaration as the Book Song for thy Harp O *Ireland* to be tuned unto, and by it hath improved thee to play broken notes in a harmonious Concord: who ever ſaw impatience ſit in his Royal Brow, but when he remembred thee O *Ireland*, when he remembred that thou were mourning when his two other kindoms were rejoicing: with what exemplary wiſdom did he unravel thy complicated Intereſts, how tenderly did he bind up thy wounds with his

own

own hands: He did not ſend this Stick to lay upon the dead Child, but ſtretcht himſelf upon it to bring it to life: thy cure was painful, ay and coſtly too, to purchaſe a Kingdom to Us, he gave a Kingdom from himſelf: but know great Soveraign, ſuch giving, ſhall be but ſowing ſeed in fruitful ground, and Your Subjects hearts ſhall lade Your Arms with full Sheaves.

I askt one Queſtion, did you ſee your King? give me leave to adde another: Do you not ſee the King of Kings, for behold, a greater then *Solomon* is here: when God writes, Faith and Duty muſt be our ſpectacles to read; I invite you not to read a *Mene Mene Tekel Peres*, but *Hephziah* and *Beulagh*, for the Lord delighteth in thee, and thy Land ſhall be marryed.

Aſtrologers have made Divinations from the fiery Trigon, and the conjunction of *Saturn* and *Iupiter* as to the condition of Our King and his Kingdoms: bleer eyd men could you not ſee when Our King was wrapt up in the ſwadling bands of Majeſty, and after *Worceſter* Fight laid in a Manger; Could you not ſee a Star over the place, the Wiſe men did ſee it, and did foretel that God had ſnatcht him as a Fire-brand out of the Fire, and deſigned him to be a Crown of Glory in the hand of the Lord, and a Royal Diadem in the hand of his God: Did you not ſee the Pillar of Fire with the bright ſide lighting the King in his Dangerous, Weariſom, and dark eſcape, with the ſable ſide of it to *Pharoh* and his perſecuting troops? Did you not ſee the Pillar of fire by night, and the cloud by day, guarding his Majeſtie through *Flanders*, *Germany*, *Spain*, *France*? Did not God hide him in the hollow of his hand, and ſhut him up like a *Ioas* in his Temple, or which is more, ſhut up his Temple in him: warrantably may he be ſtiled, *Defender of the Faith*, whoſe Faith defended him: but here

Quid memorem infandas cædes, quid facta Tyranni
Effera——

How did his Majesties enemies consult with Satans rules of Policy to have destroyed his Body and Soul: corrupt nature under the pressures of long visaged necessities, if not restrain'd by a divine power, will close with the worst of means that may promise a deliverance; Satan knew that after 40. dayes Fasting, and in a wilderness, was the Critical hour to foment a temptation; One of the best of men, prayed against adversity, least he might put forth his hand unto iniquity; Great and Dread Soveraign, must no Nation be at peace with *England* that would give you a reception, must your own natural Members be cut off if they payed but a little sustenance to You their head? It hath been so, and its as true, that *France*, *Spain* and *Germany*, if You would have fallen down and worship, if you would but have exchanged the ancient Apostolick for the Roman Catholick faith in Your Title, would have paved the way with their Crowns & Septers to your Throne: Did not the Serpent say, These engagements were fair and pleasant, and if you would but taste it, you should be as one of those Gods, But Sir, You know in whom you trusted, therefore are you not ashamed, You read, and believed that place I will overturn, over turn, over turn it, and it shall be no more, untill he come whose right it is, and I will give it him: Thus (My Lords) We have, seen, and we do see, and may we ever see, the King of Kings owning our King, he hath sent us our King without allay, tryed at his own beame, Heaven toutch.

Now my Lords, give me leave to take a nearer survey of this goodly structure now before my eyes: Did the beholding of the contracted foundation of the second Temple draw tears from the eyes of the antient men, who considered the Glory and Magnificence of the former, and may not this be a day of rejoycing, when we see our Stakes strengthned, our cords

cords lengthned, and the ſplendid uniformity of this Houſe ſuch, that we may ſay, many have done excellently, but this excelleth them all.

In the firſt and higheſt place, are your Lordſhips repreſenting unto us the beſt of Kings, CHARLS the Second, by the grace of God, King of *England*, *Scotland*, *France* and *Ireland*; His Majeſty in deſigning this honour to You, was of the ſame ſpirit with a great King who injoyned

——— ſe nemo prater Apellem
Pingeret———

But your pleaſing task is more difficult, You are to draw the picture of a Kings Soul, one of the vaſteſt Souls this day living, Goverment is the Soul of the body Politick, You have done it, and you have done it to the life; I am glad to ſee you look up to Heaven with us all, and praiſe that hand that guided yours though your hand held the penſil: We have ſeveral lights, and you have drawn him ſo, that in what light ſoever he is placed, he is amiable and raviſhing, and that we all ſay

———— ſic oculos, ſic ora ferebat

His Majeſty knew the Iriſh Seas run high, and the ſtearage was not to be put in the foremaſt mens hands: Few at the time of your Lordſhips enterance upon the Government durſt take the helm; It was a dark night, a long night, a ſtormy night, the wind ſcant and high, a lee ſhore; Some Coroners and Conſtables were your beſt Marriners, not a Sherif, not a Juſtice of Peace (ſtrong ligaments of Engliſh Goverment) was in this Kingdom: every man did what was good, or rather what was evil in his own eyes; for Religion we were Tenants at will: Our Oracles, the Courts of the Law were ſhut up, and Your Lordſhips who have very attentive Ears, could hear now and then ſome picking of *Ianus* his lock: A Souldiery under great Arreares, and little or no money to ſatisfie them, the

greateſt part of the Eſtates of the People unſecured, an univerſal decay of the Trade: was not this Kingdom full of combuſtible matter, and dark-lanthorn ſpirits in it to put all into flame? What tickliſh ground was this for a ſtrange and unſteady hand to have adventured a caſt on? But your Lordſhips have layn near the mark, may you ſave your own ſtakes, as you have ſecured Ours, who have, and ſtill deſire to bett upon Your hands; The Souldiers obedience you have improved beyond a Goſpel precept, to be content with little or no wages, and you have ſo ſweetly fixed the Planetary worſhip of God (for did not we ſacrifice under every green Tree,) in its own orb moving with that regular decency, that no ſooner the foot is over the threſhold, but the tongue ſaith, ſure this can be no other place but the Houſe of God.

Uſſah was not excuſable for putting his hand forth to relieve the tottering Ark; though my intention is, and my actions have ever witneſſed, nothing is ſo dear to me as his Majeſties Intereſt, yet I know we are to adviſe *de arduis*, not *de arcanis Regni*; but ſure I may ſay, and ground it upon *Vox populi Dei*, is *Vox Dei*, that amongſt the ineſtimable favours we have received from his Majeſty, this is not the leaſt, that he hath been pleaſed to give us your Lordſhips Our Governours (under him,) that are bone of our bone, and fleſh of our fleſh, ſympathy in ſufferings, heightnes not only an interceſſion for relief, but propounds the moſt ſuitable remedies for it;

Non ignara mali miſeris ſuccurrere diſco,

By your Prudent, Vigilant, and conſtant care Juſtice hath run down like a ſtream, and Righteouſneſs as mighty waters, & we are aſſured that his Majeſty will receive that ſatisfaction by you, and We in You, that the ages to come (premiſing *Rex nobis hæc otia fecit*), will call You, the Repairers of Our breaches, and the Reſtorers of our paths to dwell in: I have

no

no more to say, but since we see his Majesty here but as in a Glass, You are Glasses without spots.

Next are plact upon your right hand, the most Reverend, Learned, (and that which ferments all,) pious Prelates, They have not only Bells to make a sound in the Pulpit, but Pomgrannets to bear fruit answerable in their lives. When God complaats a blessing unto a Nation, he restores not only *David* their King, but their *Teraphim*; Sad experience hath stampt an observable truth upon a Proverb, *No Bishop, no King*: Many years we flourisht under both *consenuere pares*: and one fatal blow destroyed them both, *una duos nox perdit amantes*: It is observed of the Heliotrop, it opens upon the Suns rising, and contracts it self upon the Suns setting, whatsoever the Fable is, the Moral is true, *Sol occubuit nox caca sequta est*, a sad night when the Screech-Owls laid their Eggs in the Eagles nests. These are he Golden Candlesticks fill'd with the Oyl of Spikenard, These are the Spiritual Champions that stand in the breach, and with Reverence, I may say, combat God Almighty when our National sins alarum him to vengeance: Hold up their hands and *Israel* prevails, but if you will not support them, (have we not found it so) *Ameleck* prevails: These with a sacred violence bind up the omnipotent hand, They are Princes that prevail with God: These are Stars in Gods right hand, mad men: (Pardon me my Lords, I hope there are none such here, but mad men they are that think to pull a star down, a star in Gods hand, a Star in Gods right hand; Are you not yet satisfyed, when you had buried our spiritual fathers, and rould a stone upon the Sepulchre, and seated it, and set guards of Souldiers to watch the Sepulchre, that beholding their Resurrection this day, you will not confess *digitus Dei est hic*; Now no rude hand snatches up the holy Censer, and smoaks Heaven with unhallowed Flames; this is *Aarons* rod that eats up the Magicians rods: what is the affluence of all worldly enjoyments, when we lie under a spiritual famine: Lord though thou give us the bread and water of affliction, let never Our Teachers be any more driven into corners: And blessed be thy womb O Church of *England*, the superfætation of thy womb, that hath supplyed us with such a recruit, whose faces shine as having talkt with God in the Mount: If your Lordships will have Religion to be a Target to you, be sure you be a Buckler to it.

On

On your left hand are ranckt the Nobles: of these it may be said, they are *ornamentum belli & firmamentum pacis*: their Robes are fit for Counsel, their Swords for War, they are *medium conjungendi tincturas* nearly related to the King in honour to the Commons in their Liberties and Substance, in that æquidistancy plac't as they overshadow not Royalty, nor oppress not the Commonalty.

Great Pears, I may say of our unsettlement, *aliquisque malo fuit usus in illo*: Never had you such an advantage given you to perfume and embalm your memories to posterity, as to exert your wisdome and courage in this juncture of time: Blazen your coats destinct, but during this Parliament have one only motto, *Pro Rege, lege Grege*: You are rich jewels in your selves, but never so well set as in this House.

A fence and outwork to the Throne sit the grave and learned Judges, while these Fortifications are kept in good repair, the Cittadel of strength and Majesty is safe: these keep the perpendicular beams of exalted prerogative, (but prayed be God we fear it not in our temperate zone) from schorching, and sprinkle such distillations of Grace from his Majesties Goodness that Our Liberties Bud, Blossom, Knit, and are in a perpetual Spring-Tide; These have studied upon Mount *Ebal* and *Gerasim*, They can denounce and make the nocent feel the rigor of the Law, and the innocent the blessings of Peace; You are the Kings feoffees in trust, and the people are the *Cesti que use*: you govern the two most comprehensive syllables in the World, *Meum & Tuum*; You are the Lions supports, *Solomons* throne, *Justitia firmatur solium, & nulla est tam misera servitus quam ubi jus est incertum & vagum.*

But stay! I see a glittering Constellation, though of lesser Stars the Knights, Citizens and Burgesses, the representative of the Commons of this Kingdome: These are the Guards of *CHARLES* Wain, and move upon the Poles of Loyalty and Love: These are no Plannets or Erratick Starrs, but such as will fight in their order against every Sisera: of these Starrs it may be said

Astra regunt homines——

Of these Starrs it may be said

——*Sed regit Astra Deus.*

In this body politique, the Head cannot say it stands not in need of the Feet, keep the Feet from stumbling, and we may secure the Head,

and

and all other parts of the body from falling: Of theſe Feet we cannot ſay, they are like *Nebuchadnezzar's* image, whoſe Head was Gold, but the feet of clay; But we can truly ſay of them, How beautiful are their feet that brings us the glad tidings of peace; Their purſes are not tyed with Gordian, but True-Loves knots: Some have their hearts where their treaſure is, we have our treaſure where our hearts are, and truly our hearts are ſo comfortably lodged in his Majeſties hand, as we are reſolved to take our lives in our own hands to aſſert this truth: In one word I may warrantably ſay, Since *Ireland* was happy under an Engliſh Government; there was never ſo choice a collection of Proteſtant fruit, that ever grew within the walls of the Commons Houſe; Your Lordſhips have piped in your Summons to this Parliament, and the Iriſh have danc't; how many have voted for, and ſigned to the Returns of Proteſtant Elections, ſo that we may hope for, as we pray that *Iaphet* may be perſwaded to dwell in the Tent of *Sem*.

Now what remains, here is water, what hinders but we may be baptized: here are all the promiſing inſtruments that can make this Kingdom happy: You have the beſt of Kings, the moſt Religious of Clergie, the moſt Honourable of Nobles, the moſt learned of Judges, the moſt Loyal of Commons: would you have protection, ſeek and find it in the King, would you have Piety your field, and Honour and plenty your Supporters, and Heaven your Creſt, theſe ſpiritual Heralds will blazon you a Coat of immortality: would you be truly Noble, ask and inquire amongſt the Peers, and you will have choice of Originals to coppy after; would you learn Chriſtian Obedience, and ſubmiſſion to Authority, not for wrath but for Conſcience ſake, knock at the door of Commons and it will be opened to you, and you ſhall ſee them building with trowels in one hand (exerciſing a profitable induſtry to ſupport the Wealth, and cement the Peace of this Kingdome,) and with Swords in the other hand, to defend their *David* and their *Teraphim*.

Moſt great and Honourable Lords, I ſaid *Bonum eſt eſſe hic*, but I promiſed only to build Tabernacles; I fear I am not only guilty of a purpreſture, but that I have held over beyond my term, I ſhall leave this Mount of Transfiguration, and retire into Our Valley, a Valley I hope of Viſions, a Valley joyning to the foot of this Mount; We are two Houſes, but both under one roof: One of the Belgick Provinces gives 2. Earthen Pots floating in the Ocean, with this Motto, *Si Collidimur*,

lidimur frangimur. But I truſt there ſhall be no noiſe of a hammer in our building: No, *Shiboleth* muſt be put to the Queſtion. But the God of peace grant that we may hold the unity of the Spirit in the bond of Peace, and eſtabliſh our hearts in unity one towards another, and in immoveable Duty and Loyalty to our Soveraign and natural Lord the King, for whom we pray,

Serus in Cælum redeas diúque,
Lætus interſis populo Britanno
Neve te noſtris vitijs iniquum
Ocyor aura
Tollat hic ames dici pater atque
Princeps:

I have but one word to adde in the behalf of thoſe from whom I am intruſted, that are humble ſuitors unto your Lordſhips.

That in reſpect we are elected here to attend the weighty Affairs that may be cogniſable before us, which will require our united not diſtracted thoughts, that neither our Perſons, or our Servants, or our Aſſes that we leave at the foot of the Mount (the allegory will hold, for if obedience be better then ſacrifice, we are offering up a ſacrifice) may be moleſted, but that we may be freed in our perſons and goods from all arreſts according to our antient priviledges. In the ſecond places, that ſince ſuch will be the weight and intricacy of matters debateable before them and that Parliamentary truths are hid as fire in flints, only viſible by colliſion, that we may according to our antient priviledge have liberty and freedom of ſpeech; it is liberty not licentiouſneſs we ask for, the moderation and wiſdome of that houſe, deſires no further a legitimation of their language, then what is the natural iſſue of ſober reaſon and diſcretion.

Laſtly, that when the nature of their affairs are ſuch that further proceedings cannot be until the Golden Scepter be held forth, that your Lordſhips upon their humble ſuit will afford, them (with reſpect to your better leiſure) acceſs unto you.

But here it troubles me that the conſciouſneſs of my own guilt forces me, that am intruſted with the Orders of that Houſe, to make the firſt inrode upon them: Free and general Pardon ſhould be a cloſing Act, but ſuch have been my errors already committed (crimes I would not willingly own,) that I humbly beg your Lordſhips Free and General Pardon.

FINIS.